

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

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NO. 287.

LATEST TELEGRAPH DISPATCHES.

ALMOST ANOTHER TRAGEDY!

A LIGHTNING EXPRESS TRAIN!

Could not Tumble Down from a Fifty-foot Embankment with More Rapidity than the Prices have Tumbled at the

HOUSE OF D. KLASS,

Since the Announcement of CLOSING OUT STOCK on account of change of business by January 1st, 1888. While Competitors may wonder, study and dislike this FORCED SALE, the people will have the benefit of buying goods for a song. Bear in mind that every article in the entire stock at cost, and not so-called cost, but actual cost, and that at such slaughtering prices. CASH only buys the goods. No credit; no Charges made during this FORCED SALE. Do not lose time; buy while the stock is not broken.

D. KLASS.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

PRaise THE LORD.

ABERDEEN, MISS., Nov. 28, 1887.
DEAR INTERIOR:—The *concoction scribbled* failed me for a few days, and my pen has been laid by till this 10th day since the date of my last. Let me bring up this decade of days.

Aberdeen is reached from Tupelo via the M. & O. to Muldon Junction; thence by an 8-mile branch connecting the city with the main artery of trade and travel. By the 1st of January another short branch of 12 miles will tap the K. C. M. & B. so that there will be a choice of exits and entrances. We were from 12:30 till 9:30 making this less than 50 miles. So much for "accommodation" trains, which, in the language of hyperbole used by our old friend "Nath," would be "over-hot leading a snail to water." We pretty well knew what to expect when we started out and were well provided with that antidote to weariness—"something to read." But when daylight gave out and we found ourselves at Muldon Junction waiting for another accommodation that had failed to connect, in consequence of a broken down engine, a telegram from Aberdeen informing us that it was in the shop being hastily repaired, but no certainty as to when it would be finished, we were rather nonplussed. However, we attended to the first thing first—made application to one of the three householders at Muldon for supper; and pending the cooking of it made one or two pleasant acquaintances. We had, after eating, just settled ourselves at the station waiting room for a patient tarrying when the glad sound of our locomotive's whistle was heard on the "Branch" and our accommodation No. 2 came thundering down the track. There was much backward and forward shouting of freight cars; much shouting in the darkness and waving of lanterns; and then our return train was "made up" and we were off to Aberdeen.

Our good friend Gen. Finley had left a trusty person to see us safely to our boarding house, having himself been at the station to welcome us, at the schedule hour; but learning the uncertainty of the train's arrival had gone back to his hotel. We were soon in comfortable apartments and went promptly to bed. I may just say that the engine on the Branch don't break down every day, and our long detention was rather exceptional. Still Muldon Junction is not without its terrors for the general traveling public, as a place of frequent, weary waiting. Aberdeen is also the terminus of a branch of the Illinois Central, which, crossing the M. & O. at West Point, runs on past our dear old Kocucious and joins the parent road at Durant. So much and too much for the geography of our position.

In olden times this little city did all its trading with Mobile, by way of the Tombigbee, which runs, a black and sulken stream, between high banks, just outside the town. This now almost deserted water way has seen the day when 20 goodly steam boats at a time thrust their noses into her sandy bluffs, waiting for their loads of cotton. Aberdeen, for long, has been a good inland market for the reigning staple; and all the way from 25,000 to 30,000 are annually bought and sold at this point.

A struggling, rather untidy place it is, with pretty villas and cottages fringing the suburbs in every direction, and occasionally one of the old-fashioned ante bellum mansions of the Southern "quality," with stately Corinthian columns running to the eaves and inner balconies at the tall 24-story windows and central door. I like them much, with their roomy, hospitable look; but they are regular women-killers, and need the abundant "help" of a valet and a maid to keep them up. So they will have to go, with all the rest, that old folks of this latitude find it hard to relinquish

and the "New South" will have to adapt its home architecture to the altered circumstances.

Aberdeen, too, is famous for its artesian wells. Not to speak of one of wondrous flow at the Illinois Central work-shops, which spouts an apocryphal number of gallons per hour; there are no less than four of inferior volume, dotting the main street at regular intervals, gushing crystal, by day and night and utterly unaffected by drought of any character, however severe and disastrous to minor sources of water supply. What a type of a consistent Christian! Not an intermittent spring or unreliable geyser, at one moment going up in a spout of zeal and the next as dry as dust; nor yet a stream whose sources wilt and grow feeble when the sun beats fiercely and long; nor even the abundant well, whose otherwise treasures must be painfully lifted to be enjoyed; but the ceaseless flow, as "steadfast as the stars," from a fountain that never runs dry, and never disappoints, come when we may. Dear God, by Thy sweet grace make me an "artesian" Christian evermore! Amen!

Beside the flowing fountains, the town authorities have dug great tanks or uncovered cisterns, where the water is gathered, in part, for other uses—extinguishing fires, sprinkling, house-cleaning, stock watering, &c. A capital idea.

Our boarding-house is occupied chiefly by clerks from the various business houses; rather a jolly lot, incessantly "chaffing" each other and not troubled with bashfulness. Some of them very gentlemanly and attractive. We have about 20 altogether, and they make things lively about feeding time, I assure you. We enjoy it hugely, for a variety. Some of them attend the meetings, and more would, but they are worked half to death just now, it being the busiest season of the whole year.

For King Cotton is making his triumphal entry into all the towns and cities of his dominion. Men bow down and worship as he comes. His retinue is endless. The *corps de Afrique* forms his body guard; mules *ad infinitum* are his beasts of burden; the "city fathers" with ostentatious loyalty go forth to meet him, lay the keys of authority at his feet and swear undying fealty; when he lifts his head they shout for joy; when his royal crimson droops, they beat their breasts for grief. He keeps "bullies" and "beats" to enliven his court with their antics; and altogether, is a jovial old tyrant, who enriches his favorites and consigns the other kind to dungeons and heart-break, more like other jolly tyrants, the old world over.

If men will, like Israel of old, have a king, other than the LORD, I don't know but what King Cotton is as respectable a one as they could choose. I know he is a long way better than King Alcohol and others I wot of.

As I see the long rows of bales at the various "sheds" here; the well known creak of the cotton-scale; recognize the perspiring sampler, with his long gimlet searching for the "true inwardness" of the staple, whether it be "false-packed" or no; and mark the lines of drays, each with the orthodox 5-bale load, wending their way to the compress; I am vividly borne back 40 years to the time when I was a clerk in a cotton house in Savannah, Georgia, doing this very work—classifying, marking, weighing, shipping; scorched by a burning sun; sweating under the high bluff of the river, where the four story ware houses shut off every breath of air; in the never-to-be-forgotten days when "Jupiter," a comely mulatto, was one sampler; and Cornelius—blackest of niggers—was the other; and Jim Riley, our Irish drayman and factotum, patient in labor and quick, like his race, in repartee. How it all comes back to me! My first "boss" was high-tempered and imperious—a terror to his clerks—though a good-hearted sort of man when you got under the crust. My second treated me with great kindness and altho' sorely put out when I left him to become a

preacher, was generous to the last and dismissed me with best wishes and a full purse. I wonder if it had anything to do with his after prosperity. I like to think it. I was nothing to him, but he was good to me, a stranger in a strange land. I heard that he died, in a good old age, a millionaire. He deserved success, God bless him.

A good many thousands of these lumbering bales of cotton I have handled in my time; and how familiarly the words I hear every day sound to me. I think I could discriminate yet between "midding," "good midding," "fair" and "midding fair" as in the old shipping days.

Aberdeen, on Saturday, is a "sight." All Africa breaks loose. Male and female, old and young, little and big, swarm into town, some to do their weekly shopping; some to gossip; all to see and be seen. Such eccentricities of head gear and clothing; such rollicking good fellowship all around; such explosions of roaring laughter on every hand, one would think a circus, at least had come to town; or that a "festible" was in progress; or some other extraordinary occasion had brought them out. None of these. It is the normal Saturday afternoon of Aberdeen.

I am grieved to add, the old town is drowned in strong drink. Saloons every few steps. But the new law keeps things in wonderful order, considering the temptations to riot; and one sees little drunkenness on the streets.

Our meetings are held in the court house, which has a very spacious audience hall, with a capacity of 1,000. I should say. Circuit Court is in session and will outlast the meeting or close at about the same time—next Friday. Every courtesy is shown us by the officers of Court and the bar is in attendance, as the busy lawyers can find time to come.

Cold weather? Don't mention it! Here am I in latitude 33°—something—actually crouching in front of a blazing coal fire for warmth, with fingers so numb with cold that I write as if cramped, and the outside world frozen stiff. What it is in less favored climes I shudder to think. And this just after Thanksgiving! What will it be by Christmas? I hear of damage by freezing to the gathered sugar cane in Terre Bonne to the extent of 15 and 20 per cent, which is unexampled for this end of the grinding season. Who can doubt the devil being at the helm after this awful drought, and now this untimely freeze; or that he is trying to wreck this poor world by thus alternately steering it from arctic to torrid? Or who, in his senses, will not cry out for the Heavenly Pilot to come back and save us from impending ruin? Come, dear LORD JESUS, come back! "Out of the eater the LORD brings meat; out of the strong sweetness." The early frost will "work together for good" to kill the yellow fever in Florida. Praise the LORD for this mercy drop in the cup of bitterness and loss. Thank God, there is enough of faith left on earth to keep the whole establishment from going to instant decay and rotteness. Little does the poor world know to whom, under God, it is indebted for temporary, semi-security. It knows not its earthly Saviors, because it knew not its heavenly Savior, when He was here. One day the curtain will lift and all shall be known—"the salt of earth;" "the light of the world;" as well as the "god of this age;" and "the prince of the power of the air." God help us all! What a befogged set we are!—There is nothing like printer's ink after all George has come up with those wraps! She left them in Somerset, which happened to be the only possible place to which she had not written about them. Of course. What a devil he is, at worrying people in a small way, as well as crushing planets!

GEORGE O. BARNES.

One of our best farmers yesterday remarked to a reporter than in nine cases out of ten Genter's Chicken Cholera Cure will stop that dreaded disease. It is warranted to cure. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg, 21

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Mr. Harrison Hiatt, an aged gentleman of this county, was buried here on Friday.

—The new firm of Lillard & Elkin is through invoicing and is ready for business.

—Town Marshal Robert Hamilton had a lively and exciting chase after a man who fired a pistol on the streets the other night. He caught him at the toll gate and returned with him in triumph.

—Sam Harris denies the charge that he sleeps during business hours. He says he is as willing to gobble up a nimble shilling as anybody and that the rattle of a standard dollar will make him leap like a young panther.

—Mr. A. H. Lefevre, of Cincinnati, spent Sunday in town. Miss Jennie Moore, of Lower Garrard, is visiting Miss Mamie Curry. Uncle Billy Noel is a little better than last week. The semi-monthly meeting of the Children's Missionary Society was held at the Christian church on Sunday afternoon.

—HOLIDAY OPENINGS.—On December 7th, as usual, I will have my annual Holiday opening. Larger stock of Plush and Fancy Goods, endless variety of books from 1c to \$10 each and large stock of Diamonds, Jewelry, &c., at lower prices than can be bought elsewhere. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster.

—The entertainment at Mr. Alex. Denny's, to the Lancaster Social Club, was up fully to and even surpassed the fondest expectations. The universal verdict was, "It was one of the nicest affairs yet." Mrs. Denny and her two handsome daughters did the honors of the event and that accounts for the elegance of the affair. Your correspondent was not forgotten and acknowledged with thanks the reception of some of the good things of the occasion.

—Well, I am glad to find you awake," said a lady on entering the store of G. D. Burdett & Co., the other day. "I must tell you the joke," she said. "A lady friend of mine told me that she loved to come to your store, but she always found you or your clerks asleep." In reply to this charge we will say that ourselves and our clerk have awakened from our Rip Van Winkle lethargy and are fresh and eager to show our wares and sell cheap for cash. Reapt, G. D. Burdett & Co.

BABY BINDLEY.—The Little Rock Gazette says Miss Bindley and her troupe, which recently played there, "kept the audience in hearty good humor all the evening. Miss Bindley sings nicely, dances splendidly, and is cute and catching in every bit of her acting. She is an excellent musician, as her performance in the last act demonstrated. Her costumes were very pretty and neat, and her graceful dances took the house by storm. Too much can not be said in praise of the acting of Mr. Turner, as Dr. Kuobs. In his part was concatenated the drollery of the play, and he gave entire satisfaction in his performance of a difficult role." At Walton's Opera House next Friday, 9th.

"Oh! Farmer Robinson, you are just the man I want to see. How's cider this year?" "Wall, I ain't makin' no cider this year. It's against my prohibition principles." "But I've always depended on you for a supply." "That's all right. Neighbor Jones is grinding my apples to halves this year. His mill is a better one than mine, anyhow. You want 'bout two barrels this year?"

There is one thing the Legislature can very easily do this winter. That is to provide for the monthly payment of common school teachers, thus protecting this poorly remunerated class from the money-lending sharks who make a living by shaving their claims for them.—[Owensboro Messenger.

—Winchester is putting \$9,010 worth of repairs on her court-house.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Our postoffice has been removed to the former Crow property on the Danville street.

—Elder John I. Rogers was called away from his meeting here, on Friday night, to attend the funeral of his father.

—I was deeply interested in the lively appearance of Friday's issue of the INTERIOR JOURNAL and especially in the graphic and pathetic editorial setting forth the vicissitudes attending the planting and training of the monster press. Well as I know the indomitable patience, the imperturbable coolness and the unassuming piety of the proprietor, I nevertheless feel warranted in declaring that I am glad I was not there. Please record me as ready to sign a petition for a pension for Keller.

—Mrs. George Alford is in a critical condition from cancer. J. R. Napier was standing on the railroad track at Moreland, a few days since, when a supercilious train insisted on the right of way. Jim claimed on the plea of possession, but as the train continued to advance, he magnanimously yielded his right, just as the cow catcher was about to undermine his pedestals. This was better than a post mortem suit for damages. Dr. Brown is at present the victim of rheumatism; let M. C. Sander be careful; there is a retribution in this thing.

—Nearly all the schools in the county have closed out. The unusually fine weather has been a striking illustration of the proverb about "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb." After close examination it is my candid conviction that earth has nothing so tedious of life, nor so addicted to outliving its usefulness, as a country school house. The great majority of ours are, not strictly a standing, but a tottering disgrace to the county. Yet with this enervating disadvantage we have had during the year better teachers, better schools and better work than formerly. A few districts have caught the spirit of improvement and erected and furnished houses worthy a christian people. With the permission of the editor I propose to furnish soon a list of those who have put forth noble efforts, also those who seem to be simply trusting to Providence; and also those who seem to be letting the whole thing go—well, I don't know to whom! The question of education is becoming the live question of the day in Kentucky. It is exciting more attention now than at any former period. Let no scolder, however, insinuate that because the next State Teachers' Association is to be held at the Mammoth Cave, that we are running the thing into the ground.

—A peculiarly horrible tragedy is reported from Burlington, S. C. Fred El wards got mad with his wife for interfering while he was punishing one of the children when he knocked her down and beat her. Their 18-year-old son tried to stop him but he threw an ax at the boy and continued to beat the woman. The boy then fired at his father, but the discharge took effect in the bowels of his mother instead, and she died in half an hour, exonerating her son with her last breath.

—Mrs. Nellie Wetherel, the actress, has had a foot amputated in New York. The surgical operation was rendered necessary by the formation of a cancer caused by a careless attempt to remove a bunion from her heel three years ago.

—At Scranton, Pa., Mrs. John Evans chopped her five-year-old child's head to pieces with a hatchet, afterwards attempting to kill her little daughter, only being prevented by the timely arrival of her neighbors.

Nearly a thousand millions of the human race are yet without the Gospel; vast districts are wholly unoccupied. So few are the laborers that, if equally dividing responsibility, each must care for one thousand souls. And yet there is abundance of both men and means in the church to give the Gospel to every living soul before this century closes.—[Christian Advocate.

PROHIBITION AND TEMPERANCE.—The

ultimate result of the recent elections in Atlanta will probably be a gain to the cause of temperance. For two years past a prohibitory law has been in force in that city and it has proved a failure. It was carried out according not only to the letter of the law, but to the spirit of those who instigated it, and yet drunkenness was not prevented. It was impossible to obtain wine even for sacramental or medical purposes without violating the law, but large quantities of liquor were brought in every day from neighboring towns and surreptitiously sold.—[Boston Post.

The use of oil by vessels at sea for soothing the waves in time of storm, appears to be on the point of very extended and practical application. "Sea breakers," appliances for the distribution of the oil have been patented both at home and abroad, which are used by cattle carrying steamers and some other vessels, while a special oil is now manufactured for the purpose.

The forest lands of the United States, excluding Alaska, embrace 500,000,000 acres, or 28 per cent. of the entire area. The farmers own about 38 per cent. of the forest area, or some 185,000,000 acres. The rest is owned by railroad operations, mine owners, charcoal burners, tanners, lumbermen and speculators.

The callous philosopher who has never experienced the joy a man feels when he tries to kiss a girl in the dark and gets stabbed in the eye with her nose has no business to express an opinion about kissing! Are our mouths merely holes for pierce? We think not.—[Truth.

The world's supply of red cedar used in the manufacture of lead pencils is derived from the swamps of Cedar Key, Fla. The product of the mills there is shipped not only to Northern but to European factories. The industry gives employment to hundreds of operatives.

A lady in Dalton, Ga., is the possessor of a braidpin containing a lock of hair which grew on Washington's head. There are so many locks of Washington's hair still in existence that it is not surprising that all his portraits show him wearing a powdered wig.

A Boston man who makes raspberry jam for a living is authority for the statement that "we don't use any raspberries at all in making the jam." What he does use, it appears, are tomatoes, glucose, hayseed and "a little prepared raspberry flavor."

Old Lady (on her way to church).—"Do you not know, little boys, that it is wicked to play ball on Sunday?" Little Boy—"We ain't playin'; we're only practicin' for ter-morrow's game."—[New York Sun.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For Sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Drug-gists, Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottle at A. R. Penny's Drug Store.

HUNTING ELEPHANTS.

EXCITING ADVENTURES WITH THE BIG BRUTES IN THE JUNGLE.

Their Wonderful Power of Vision and Shrewdness in Time of Danger—A Camp Raided at Night by an Enraged "Solitaire."

There was a period of three years when I was regularly employed by an English house at Zanzibar to hunt for ivory, and I was fitted out in the most liberal manner and permitted to go in any direction inland. The main object was to secure tusks, and I sent enough of them to Zanzibar to seemingly supply the markets of the world for fifty years. Something is written every day of the tame elephants—the big, good natured beasts of the circus and zoological gardens—but very little is written of the wild ones. I had opportunity to study them under all sorts of circumstances, and have never been satisfied with the accounts given by hunters and naturalists. In my opinion, the elephant in his native pastures is the keenest, shrewdest and most intelligent of all animals. He has more courage than the lion, more ferocity than the tiger and more cunning than the fox. Only man is a match for him, and it must be a pretty intelligent man, too.

I started in the business of elephant hunting with the idea that I only had to look up a drove of the beasts and begin shooting, but I soon discovered that I was laboring under a mistake. I have never seen any reference made in print to the powers of vision possessed by wild elephants. Nature endows all wild creatures with extra keen eyesight, but I believe the elephant can see further than any other four-footed animal. I had an instance of this in my first trip out.

Six of us were scattered through a wood in search of signs of the presence of elephants, when a "solitaire" sneaked out of a jungle where he had been hidden and rushed upon my horse. I was two miles away, but one of the natives saw the performance. He said the elephant broke cover as stealthily as a man, carefully approached the horse, and was only a few yards away when discovered; then he trumpeted and made a rush. His sudden appearance seemed to strike the horse with terror, and he made no move to escape. The great trunk, held aloft as the beast charged, struck the horse a "side wipe" and knocked him flat, and he was no sooner down than the elephant knelt upon him and kneaded him into bloody pulp. When his vengeance was satisfied he rose up and retreated to the same thicket, sneaking along as if he was seeking to hide his trail. It was an hour later when I reached the spot, and I was so angry over the death of my steed that nothing the men could say would stop me from entering the thicket in search of the destroyer. Joe followed me, bearing a gun, and both of us were ready for any trick the beast might be up to; but we were too late. We found the spot where he had stood for hours, and from which he had sallied out to attack the horse, but he had quietly sneaked off. The elephant, when pursuing an ordinary course through the forest, leaves a broad trail behind him. He breaks down branches, uproots small trees and the prints of his big feet could be followed on horseback at a gallop. This fellow had gone off so softly that we were half an hour in picking up his trail. There was not a broken branch and he had set his feet down with the utmost care and selected the hardest soil. After getting a quarter of a mile away he had selected a rocky ridge to travel on, and we soon lost him entirely.

Our camp was about three miles from the spot where the horse was killed. We always had one guard and a couple of fires, and as there was only the wild beasts to look out for, we had slept in perfect content. On this night, soon after midnight, the guard awoke me and stated that some danger menaced the camp. He had heard what he believed was a body of men lurking about, and the bullocks seemed greatly excited. The camp was aroused as quietly as possible, the fires were allowed to burn low, and in a short time the statements of the sentinel were verified. Somebody or something was lurking about. We were in the lion country, but the movements were too heavy for the king of beasts. The noise passed clear around the camp and back, and then all was quiet. We were under arms for half an hour, and when all being still, we lay down, and all but the sentinel were soon asleep. An hour later, as suddenly as if shot from the gun, the old solitary of the day charged into our camp, trumpeting like the blasts from a locomotive, and evidently in a great rage. It was he who had been lurking about for two or three hours. He had approached the camp as carefully as a man could walk, and had passed around it to locate everything and decide on a point to charge from. When we got the alarm, he placed himself in the shadow of some bushes, and the natives, who examined the spot, said he stood there for an hour and a half without moving a foot.

Bloody and destructive work followed the charge of the elephant. He stepped on and crushed a sleeping native, placed a second up and dashed him to the earth a corpse, and broke the back of a third who was trying to get out of his way. He was soon among the bullocks, knocking them right and left with his terrible blows, and just then I got my gun ready. His charge had been so sudden and fierce that we were all demoralized for two or three minutes. Fortunately for us all, someone had the sense to throw light brush on one of the dying fires and started a big blaze. This seemed to disconcert the elephant, and he showed signs of retreating. In this he was encouraged by two of our bullocks, who dashed at him for a fight, and raked him severely with their stout horns. I was dancing about, waiting to get a shot, and I'll tell you what I saw that elephant do. He picked up a bullock weighing at least 100 pounds, and with his trunk alone, and swung him aloft as easily as you can lift an axe over your head. He held him in the air a minute, and then flung him clean over our Cape Colony wagon to the ground. The bull alighted on a large heap of freshly cut grass, and was but little injured. I opened on the elephant just as he flung the bullock, and he once he was on his feet, he carried three bullets with him. He had scarcely got clear when he stepped into a hole in the ground, lurched forward, and went down with a broken leg. Before he could get on his feet again I had given him his death blow. He had killed three men and four bullocks, and his death gave us deep satisfaction. —Cleveland Leader.

The Puff Ball's Spores.

The common puff ball strikingly illustrates the rapidity with which fungi may multiply. It is said that 300 years would be required for a man to count the spores of a single ball, if it were possible to continue the counting day and night for that time. Yet a favorably planted spore will produce a plant as large as the double fist in a single night. —A. Kausaw.

Chicago has recently absorbed a portion of its suburbs containing 70,000 people, and now claims to have 800,000 inhabitants.

SUCCESS ON THE STAGE.

A Manager's Advice to Young Men and Women—A Jealous Platform.

I happened into the office of Manager A. M. Palmer a few days ago when this subject was touched upon. Mr. Palmer is president of the Actors' fund and is a man of liberal education. He is known all over this country and in Europe. He has one of the best libraries of dramatic literature in this country. He has helped hundreds of young men and women to get on the stage. He talked freely and frankly on the subject. I asked him:

"What chance does the dramatic profession offer to young men and women?"

"The same chance that the studio affords, that the pen affords—given equal industry, patience, taste, talent and fitness for the calling, success is as possible and as probable on the stage as in any other artistic profession," he replied.

"If you were asked by a young man or woman to go on the stage for the first time, would you advise them to do so, or to seek a professional or commercial life?"

"As a rule, I repeat, I should say, avoid the stage. What is called talent on the stage means simply a peculiar temperament, which for lack of a better adjective, we generally call the 'mimetic' temperament. It is very unusual, and it is very rare. It is a good actor as many a man, whose intellect compared to theirs would be as a drop of water to the Atlantic ocean. Without this peculiarity of temperament a marked success is almost unattainable even by the most intellectually refined man or woman, however scholastically equipped. This temperament is rare—far more rare than are such higher qualities of the mind. Where it is evident such a temperament exists in a man, I should not deter him from going on the stage."

"How about a woman?"

"That is different, and, let me add, a far more delicate question to answer. Granted that a lady possesses and evinces the possession of the needed temperament and other qualities of a great actress, I should still hesitate to take the responsibility of advising her to adopt the life of the stage."

"Why?"

"Because of the great sacrifices a woman is forced to make who steps from the solid, quiet happiness of private life to the glitter of a public one. The sanctities of home, the pride of womanly reserve, are high prices to pay either for the gratification of vanity or the accumulation of money. Do not mistake me. A moral woman can remain so on the stage just as well as off of it. I refer not to that at all, but to the exchange of the home for the theatre, the substitution of the excitement of professional rivalries and jealousies for the quiet enjoyment of the privacy of family life. The stage is a jealous platform. It is Aut Caesar, aut nullus, with it. It denies to the wife and mother the evening of rest. It deprives her husband or father of her companionship at those very hours when it would be sweetest, and in spite of what she may do, substitutes a feverish gratification alternated with disappointments bitter as aloes for the quiet happiness that is fullest and most satisfying to the female heart." —New York Letter.

Expectation vs. Results.

An old proverb tells this anecdote illustrating the probability of business sales:

A young friend called the other day in high glee. He was about concluding arrangements with two others to embark in the jobbing trade and was quite sanguine in his expectation of results. As I did not express full faith in his anticipations he rather resented my doubts. At my suggestion he took pen and paper and put down, first of all, his proposed expenses. I could see that he had not done this before, as he seemed startled to find that even at the moderate estimate he had made the total expenses for rent, clerk hire and living of the several partners amounted to \$8,300.

"Now for the amount of business," said I. "Oh, as to that," he replied, "we hope to sell \$300,000 worth of goods a year."

"But what amount of trade do all of you at present influence? Make, now, a careful estimate of the business you can rely upon with some degree of certainty." He did so, and to his surprise it did not quite reach \$125,000.

"Now, what profit can you average upon that?" After some debate it was fixed at 7 1/2 per cent.—\$9,375.

"Now, what shall we call the losses?"

The latter was settled at 2 1/2 per cent. on sales, amounting to \$2,125, leaving the net income \$6,250, or \$1,950 less than enough to pay his estimated expenses. The young man left, proposing to show the estimate to his associates, and after figuring awhile without arriving at a more satisfactory result, they abandoned the undertaking. There is no doubt that if all, when about to embark in trade, would thus boldly look at the figures, instead of closing their eyes and hoping for the best, there would be fewer failures among business men and less complaint that "trade is overdone." —Detroit Free Press.

Mary Anderson's Mascot a Pearl.

"If I had Mary Anderson's pearl I would ask fate for nothing more."

The lady who spoke was delighting the eyes of two or three acquaintances with the contents of a number of jewel cases by no means empty.

"It is a mascot with Miss Anderson," she went on, "and you cannot wonder, for though not one of the largest it is one of the most perfectly shaped and most beautiful pearls in the world. A pearl is just the jewel for her, white, bold and fair, and she never lets this one leave her person. I have turned my opera glass on her twenty times when she was on the stage and never failed to discover that pearl somewhere in her toilet. She wears it in her hair, on her throat, her finger, catching up the draperies of her gown. She says it means peace and rest to her, and she could not act if she did not touch it before she stepped in front of the footlights and did not have it where her eye could fall upon it in her trying parts." —Washington Post.

Mahogany Signs in England.

It is well said that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. Here, where pine and poplar are used for signs, comparatively few are aware that mahogany is the kind of wood largely used for that purpose in England. A lumberman from Bradford, who not long ago visited this office, stated that such was the case. When redwood was introduced into England this gentleman thought at first blush that the lumber was so clear and wide it would be excellent for signs. It was tried, but for some reason it did not come up to the Englishman's idea of eternal durability, and mahogany was again resorted to. —Northwestern Lumberman.

The First Meerschaum Pipe.

The first meerschaum pipe was carved in the early part of the Thirty Years' War, and Wallenstein is said to have bought it. The true clay is to be procured only at Eskisch, in Asia Minor, where there are large deposits, and whence it is sent direct to the manufacturers at Rubia, of which there are at present forty, employing almost the whole population of the district. —New York Star.

CARL DUNDER'S SAYINGS.

Bits of Wisdom with a Slight German Flavor—Pertinent Sentences.

If I had a bird in my hand I can eat him. If he has in his bushes maybe I go hungry. If you vras sure you vras right go ahead some more midout shoting.

Money makes der mare go off on a gallop, but maybe she don't stop until she breaks her neck.

It vvas foolish to tell der sluggard to go to der rant. He don't go unless you gift him a free ticket on dondretree car, and den he vvas too lazy to consider her ways.

If you can get out of shail today don't put him off till to-morrow.

Honesty vvas der best policy, but it vvas mostly practiced by men who gift a heaping measure in order to hide der bait fruit at der bottom.

Truth vvas mighty and must prevail, but some folks thrive so wonderfully well on lying as to discourage honest folks.

It vvas said der one-half der world don't know how der other half life. Vvheh, I like to find der half which don't know! Eatery wemens knows all about feoffy families.

Money vvas der root of all evil. If you don't pelief him you go off somewhere und lose your wallet.

Bring oop a shild in der vvhay he should go vvas all right, but how ish dot vvhay? Dot vvas where we don't see mit der same eyes. When thieves fall outt honest men get der dues—in some horns! If der lawyer leaves anything for anypody to get I like to see him!

Der vvas some grot fish in der sea after you catch some oopit, but der vvas poor consolation to der parties who nefar got a bite when dey go fishing.

Der blossoms always come before der buds vvas a beautiful saying, but vvhay vvas al after vvas der fruit. One big apple vvas worth a thousand blossoms.

We should be honest, eten if we die in der poor house—and dot vvas der place where der honest men die. I like some poor widow wemens to get her lost money back, but maybe nobody saw me pick it up!

Break today und buy to-morrow vvas awful true. It means dot my hired girl can break all my dishes und make me buy some more, und it don't cost her a cent.

Der wicked man shumps ooper a fence und runs off no policeman vvas after him, but der man who robs der widow und orfan life in a big brick house on der avenue, und don't be afraid of nopoly. —Carl Dunder in Detroit Free Press.

Progress in the Celestial Empire.

According to The Chinese Times the necessity for the opening up of the Celestial Empire to civilization grows apace, and can only be effectually carried out by the railroad projects now again under discussion. In some notes of travel in Lu and Tsi the writer states that everywhere in Shantung the main roads are lined with sumptuous tablets, telling, as if in mockery, of the repair of the road by this or that official. In many cases the cost of the tablet absorbed the greater part of the expenditure. In the meantime the roads are in ruins and impassable. The husbandman sows and reaps his grain, and if it be an average crop he has just enough to support his family and dependents till the next harvest. If it fails short he and they have to starve or live on roots and weeds, for supplies of food he cannot obtain from elsewhere; if it be abundant the surplus is rather an impediment to him than otherwise. He has not the means of storing or preserving it, and the want of roads prevents him from sending it to those who need it. Absolutely he has no market for his surplus; for his immediate neighbors have, like himself, a superfluity, and the carriage to any district in need of it would more than absorb the entire value of what he has to offer. A paternal government besides forbids him to export it, so, as a matter of fact, the industrial check to overpopulation is removed, and his family and dependents increase till they eat up themselves the entire produce. Is it any wonder he grows just and careless, and that each generation finds itself lower in the scale of humanity? —Public Opinion.

Supreme Court Etiquette.

There is an unwritten law—there are plenty of unwritten laws in Washington—that lawyers appearing before the supreme court shall wear a black frock coat at the very least, and this relaxes a rule which formerly prevailed that a dress coat was essential. Some of the old timers yet wear dress coats. The judges are patient with the legal representatives of the wild west, but they draw the line when a trans-Mississippi lawyer appeared before them some time ago without any cravat.

The very, very old staggers tell about Henry Clay once stepping up to a judge on the supreme bench, who held a snuff box open in his hand at the time, and, coolly taking a pinch, remarking airily, "I perceive your honor still sticks to the Scotch." The effect was paralyzing for the moment, and one of the judges afterward said: "I do not believe that another man in the United States could have done that but Henry Clay." Gen. Butler invariably wears a dress coat before the supreme court. The general looks singularly, and here is an instance of his uniqueness. A year or two ago, one day, during the sitting of congress, he entered the hall of the house from one of the cloak rooms. He walked slowly the whole width of the vast hall, through solid ranks of Democrats and Republicans. Not a man on either side spoke to him. One man to whom he bowed nodded grimly in reply. "I never saw such an instance of an ex-member in my life before," was the verdict of every representative in congress. —Washington Cor. Boston Transcript.

Artistic Value of Red Hair.

A friend of mine, an artist, suggests a new utility for that crowning glory of the fair sex, a good head of red hair. He tells me that it is impossible to find a model with hair that is worth painting. Neither the draped models nor the women who pose nude possess this requisite. Even when the hair is good in color it is so coarse in texture as to resist most efforts to handle it or put it up in a pictorial fashion. This may also be due to neglect in brushing and cleansing it, but, at any rate, among the models he avers that the facts are as he states. Outside the studio world there are some superb heads of hair that a painter might esteem himself happy in being privileged to paint. —Alfred Trumble in New York News.

A Bachelor's Opportunity.

A bachelor in Frankfurt, Germany, advertised for a "helpmate of agreeable exterior and good education; money a secondary consideration." He received 3,643 offers. Of these 2,137 came from Germany and 237 from Frankfurt. There were 1,827 who said nothing about their fortune, and 1,816 gave their wealth at various figures from \$250 to \$50,000. Photographs accompanied 3,112 of the offers, and it cost the advertiser nearly \$250 for return postage on them. He picked out a poor Hanoverian maiden and married her. —Boston Budget.

Mr. Spurgeon's face is said to recall that of Chester A. Arthur, but is described as being broader and not so fine as that of the late president.



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I have bought the right to sell the Florence Washing Machine and am now prepared to furnish all who may wish to save their clothes from the rubbing and tearing incident to the old process of washing. Take one and try it and be convinced. I'll not worry you about buying unless you are fully satisfied as to its merits.

The undersigned, having purchased the Florence Washing Machine, and after a thorough trial, we take pleasure in adding our testimony as to its worth, and without hesitation pronounce it a success in every particular, doing all that is claimed for it.

Wm. Daugherty, J. W. Wallace, Dr. Bourne, Mrs. S. P. Miller, C. S. Sine, Bill Perkins, Lewis Dunder, J. E. Lynn, L. L. Dawson, C. Vannoy, Mrs. Amanda Field, George Patton, Alex. Holzlaw, C. F. Clark, Albert C. Miller, Sam. Kaines, K. E. Harrow, A. M. Friend and many others.

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A Tract of Land, consisting of 10 acres, situated on Dix River, and one of 60 acres, lying on the Lancaster pike, between the farms of the late Geo. King and J. E. Carson, will also be sold. Terms made known on day of sale.

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I, the undersigned, have in Danville, Ky., a neat Training Stable, and am prepared to break and train horses either to saddle or trot, and say to the people of Kentucky and adjoining counties if you have a horse that you want broke, trained or sold, and will bring it to me, I will guarantee satisfaction; will do my best with your stock; you have a horse you want sold, bring it to me, as we have the second best market in the State.

281-47

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